

OH, YOU EAT SEAVEED, AND MOO?
WELL, I DID NOT KNOW A SEACOW
UTTERED ANYDINGS BUT A SHRILL
TWITTERING NOTE LIKE A SUNFISH.
NOT MAKES YOU THINK A
SEACOW CAN
MOO?



JUST FOR HIS KIND

A certain millionaire did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church, when the collection was being taken up for these missions, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the collection box. The millionaire shook his head.

"I never give to missions," he whispered.

"Then take something out of the bag, sir," whispered the collector. "The money is for the heathen."—New York Globe.

CANNY MARY

Will and Mary had been busy courting for over two years, meeting every night in Hope street, Glasgow. About a fortnight ago, Will, in parting with his beloved, made the usual remark:

"I'll meet ye in Hope street tomorrow night. Mind and be punctual."

"Deed, aye, Will, lad," replied Meg, with a merry twinkle in her eye. "We hae met noo a lang time in Hope

street, an' I was thinkin' oor trystin'-place a street farther along. Whit wad ye say to Union street?"

Johnny writes as follows

new york.—little gorgie is a tuff kid, but he has a sister littler than he is that makes him look like a piker evry wunst in a while

her name is mabel, and she is only 6 yeres old, but oh my!

last sundy morning mabel's pa was going to take a bath, and her ma went into the bathroom to see if evrything was all rite

there was mabel salling a boat around in the bathtub, and playing it was the pannama canal

take your boat and get out of here, mabel, says her ma, your papa wants to take a bath

mabel she didn't want to take her boat and get out, and she hollered bluddy murder, and kicked and scratched and tore things up considerable, but they finelly pried her loose and chased her out

so then she went out in the street, and pritty soon a old lady came along, and mabel says to her, do you want me to tell you sumthing

why yes, my dear child, says the old lady, i would be glad to have you tell me sumthing this brite sundy morning, what is it you have to tell me, little girl

well, says mabel, there's an old smart aleck in that house rite there that thinks he is going to take a bath, but he aint, because i pulled the plug off the bathtub, and when our cook wasnt lookin, i put it in the soup, and we are going to have it for dinner, so there now!

aint that a kid for your life?